HYMN XVII.

PRAISE.

I.

THO' conſcience void of all offence,
Is man's divineſt praiſe,
A godly heart-felt innocence,
Which does at firſt by grace commence,
By ſupplication ſtays:

Yet

II.

Yet I do love my brother's laud,
In each attempt to pleaſe;
O may he frequently applaud,
"Good child, thou ſoon ſhalt go abroad,
"Or have ſuch things as theſe.—

III.

"This ſilver coin'd by ſweet queen Anne,
"This noſegay and theſe toys,
"Thou this gilt Teſtament ſhalt ſcan,
"This pictur'd Hymn-book on a plan,
"To make good girls and boys."

IV.

O may they give before I aſk,
Suggeſt before deſire,
While in the ſummer-houſe I baſk,
The little lab'rer at his taſk
Is worthy of his hire.